



"Great Scott, Woodrow! I've Been Up In the Air Almost Four Years!"

Hughes Points the Way

The speech of the Republican candidate for president was a keynote speech indeed. Not one person in the great audience at the Carnegie hall meeting was in doubt for one moment as to just what he meant by everything he said.

His address was comprehensive, logical, clear and all sufficient for the occasion. There can be no dispute as to this. Plainly Mr. Hughes is a man who "knows what he wants when he wants it," and it is the opinion of political authorities who heard him and who have since read his remarks that he knows also how to get it.

It was incumbent upon the Republican candidate to confine the scope of his remarks to the limitations of the occasion, but his crushing analysis of the shortcomings of the present administration of the government is merely an earnest of what the tone and the contents of his speeches will be when he gets on the stump.

At Carnegie hall Mr. Hughes adverted to every general question that is apt to be a serious issue in the campaign and in language that will be absolutely clear to every man or woman able to read he stated his opinions, his convictions and his purposes. On the stump he will argue those points in detail. As an orator he is eloquent, his personality attractive, and his marshaling of facts so cohesive that he holds his audience to the end. He makes it easy for them to follow him, and his points are not lost.

There was nothing equivocal, nothing apologetic in the Republican candidate's speech of acceptance. He called a spade a spade, and the unanimous opinion of those who heard him was that he shot to the center and rang the bell. The Republican campaign is now open, and those who will speak and write and work for the success of the Republican ticket can wish for no more adequate campaign document, no more satisfactory statement of issues than are found in the candidate's salutatory.

WILSON FLEXIBILITY.

We do not see why there should have been any stir in the senate over the discovery that President Wilson has completely reversed himself in the matter of the proposed child labor law. Senator Borah was able to show that Mr. Wilson described this legislation in his "Constitutional Government" as unconstitutional, an "obviously absurd extravagance," carrying the congressional power to regulate commerce beyond the "utmost boundaries of reasonable and honest inference" and making it possible, if sustained, for congress to legislate over "every particular of the industrial organization and action of the country." That, we must confess, has also been the Evening Post's view. But the Evening Post and Senator Borah are old fogies, dating back to the time when it was the custom to have fixed beliefs and principles and stick to them. The senator has evidently not read Mr. Wilson's letter in explaining his change of front on the tariff commission—that it is only a narrow man, whose mind is stupidly closed to new ideas, who does not alter his opinions. By this test Mr. Wilson is obviously one of the broadest minded men this country has ever produced, for he has changed his mind to date on the initiative, referendum, recall, woman suffrage, the tariff commission, tariff for revenue only, a permanent diplomatic service beyond politics, the merit system in the civil service, the proper place of Tammany Hall in the scheme of the universe, child labor legislation, preparedness, Bryan, a continental army—but why continue? It is a long enough list to prove that Mr. Wilson's political views are not fossilized by any fear of inconsistency.—New York Evening Post.

FARMERS SIZE UP HUGHES AS "PRETTY GOOD FELLOW"

Fargo, N. D.—Charles E. Hughes campaigned for the first time among the sturdy farmers of the eastern part of North Dakota and left behind him the reputation of being a "pretty good fellow."

He was forced to undergo a critical scrutiny before the verdict was given. Mr. Hughes preached the doctrines of government efficiency, Americanism, tariff as protection to the farmers and preparedness, and in each instance won applause, despite the fact that the farmers are not the strongest advocates of the last named issue.

They cheered for preparedness the loudest when Mr. Hughes told them that it meant not militarism, but ability to uphold national honor.

As they cheered for Mr. Hughes one broad shouldered old farmer said, "It's because there's something about him that makes you believe he's telling the truth."

ATTRACTS BUSINESS MEN.

Mr. Hughes has not tried to scare anybody, but has merely portrayed the errors of the present administration and set forth certain principles on which the affairs of the country should be managed in the future.

There is a political logic in his portrayal, the culmination of which in the mind of the voter is expressed by the frequent remark:

"He is the kind of man we want to steer us through."

This has been said by many a business man. The qualities seen in Mr. Hughes are poise, a strong, sane mind, sincerity and a willingness to sacrifice life, physical or political, to the good of the country. Nor is there any question as to the quality of nerve to meet the emergencies of the four years beginning March 4, 1917.

THE RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS DO NOT STOP AT THE COAST-LINE.

"When I say that I am an American citizen I ought to say the proudest thing that any man can say in this world. But you can't have that pride of American citizenship is a cheap thing, if it is not worthy of protection. This wide world over. There is no man who could successfully present to an American community the platform that an American citizen's rights stop at the coast line and that beyond that American life is to be the prey of any marauder who chooses to take it."—From a speech of Mr. Hughes in the West.

Now that Mr. Hughes knows he has been nominated for president we may wait patiently a few days longer to hear what Mr. Wilson has to say about it.

The psychologist who said that anybody can be hypnotized offers the most encouragement that Carranza has yet found for his hopes of borrowing money.

Mr. Lansing is credited with the belief that the case against Great Britain on account of the blacklist is so weak that it ought not to be pressed. What, then, did Mr. Polk mean when he called the attention of the British government, "in the gravest terms," to "the many serious consequences" to be apprehended if it were not withdrawn?

Instead of getting those Danish islands at a bargain, "marked down from \$25,000,000 to \$5,000,000," we're going to pay a twenty million bonus on a \$5,000,000 value.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Helen Fiercely Resents the Critical, Instructive Air of Warren's Sister

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Leaving the receiver off the hook, Warren came back to the dining room.

"It's Carrie! They're having dinner at the Biltmore and want to come here afterward. All right, isn't it?" Helen started up with a dismayed, "Carrie! Then, hastily, 'Oh, yes—yes, of course—tell her we'd love to have them!'"

Warren went back to the phone, and Helen, leaving her dessert, flew into her dressing room and dragged from the wardrobe her two best gowns.

"Come back here and finish your dinner," called Warren a moment later.

"Will my blue taffeta look too light?" unheeding. "If they're dining at the Biltmore, Carrie'll be dressed, won't she?"

"Now don't rig up for them! Wear what you've got on, and come finish your dinner."

But Helen, having decided on the blue taffeta, was already half undressed.

"Dear," calling to Warren, who was still in the dining room, "ring for Emma—I want her to hook me up."

She had slipped on the blue gown, but somehow it did not look as well as usual. Perhaps it was her hair or because she was flushed and hurried.

"Emma, I want you to clear the table and straighten the dining room as quickly as you can," as the girl fastened her dress. "Mr. Curtis' sister is coming, and she's a wonderful housekeeper. Put on your best white apron and keep it on—we may want something during the evening. Oh, is that hook off? Yes, you'll have to pin it. Wait, here's a white one."

With a last adjusting touch to her hair, Helen ran in to straighten the front room and the library.

"Hold on, there; I want those," growled Warren as she folded up the scattered evening papers.

"They're right here," laying them on the table beside him. "They look so untidy strewn about. Dear, move your chair a little—you've caught up the rug. Oh, don't put your ashes there—here's your ash tray."

Helen brushed the ashes from the lamp base, hastily arranged the magazines, and evened the window shades.

"What in the Sam Hill are you fussing around for? Nobody's coming but Carrie and Ed."

"You know Carrie sees everything. Oh, you're not going to wear that old house coat?"

"Why not?" belligerently.

"Ed never wears one when we go there. And that's so shabby—look at that spot on the sleeve. Dear, please change it."

With a muttered expletive Warren flung down his paper and strode into the bedroom, peeling off the house coat as he went.

"Dear," following him anxiously, "that collar's frayed. Won't you—"

"No, I won't," jerking on his other coat. "I put that on clean for dinner, and I'll not change again. See here, shut those windows!"

"Just a minute until it airs out!" sniffing. "I can smell that cauliflower yet. Wait, dear, help me put on this good bedspread! No, draw it over to your side more. Oh, there they are now!" as the door bell rang. "Quick—this side's still too long!"

Helen had just time to straighten the counterpane and smooth over the pillows before she hurried out to greet them.

"Why, you've got all the windows up," was Carrie's first critical comment when she came into the bedroom to lay off her wraps.

"It was so warm in here," Helen hastily put them down.

"Well, it's cold enough out," taking off her coat and displaying a gray crepe evening gown that fitted severely her tall, stiff figure.

"You sit here, Carrie," Helen pushed forward an easy chair as they joined Warren and Ed in the library.

"No, I'll sit over by the radiator; I'm chilly. Do you people always keep your apartment this cold?"

"Helen said the place smelled of cooking," blundered Warren.

"We had cauliflower for dinner," flushed Helen, "and I think the odor of that's always strong, don't you?"

"Yes, if you let it get through your house."

"Well, how did New York look when you got back?" asked Ed.

"Mighty good," agreed Warren, and for some time the conversation was on their trip and the war conditions they had found in London.

Helen was glad to let Warren do most of the talking, but she was conscious that Carrie's critical glance kept wandering about the apartment.

"Ugh, how she frightened me!" Pussy Purr-Mew made a sudden leap for the fringe on Carrie's wrist-bag.

"She's caught her claw," sharply. "She'll tear it!"

Helen rescued the fringe and took Pussy Purr-Mew on her lap.

"I like dogs, but I don't see how you can fuss over a cat," disapproved Carrie. "Think of the dust she collects with that tail!"

"We try not to have any dust for the tail to collect," returned Helen, feeling that for once she had scored.

"No, I hadn't much time to get around," Warren was saying. "But Helen did drag me out to the rag market—that's a rum place for you. Helen, show 'em the things we got there."

"Oh, we didn't get much," murmured Helen, who always shrank from showing Carrie anything. "Here's an old card case," taking it from the mantel.

"And this old scent bottle I think's rather quaint. What were they, dear? Only two shillings each, wasn't it?"

"You're wild about this sort of thing, aren't you?" Carrie was looking at them without the slightest interest. "I suppose they're all right, but I never cared to litter up my house with a lot of bric-a-brac."

Helen, who loathed bric-a-brac and who prided herself on having a home free from useless ornamentation, flushed resentfully.

"I see you've moved your desk," as Helen put back the scent bottle.

"Yes, it was too near the heat—the veneering was getting warped."

"You ought to keep a saucer of water under your radiators. It's not the heat as much as the dryness that cracks veneer," instructed Carrie. "Do you use a good furniture polish?"

"I suppose it's good," stily. "I get it at Warner's."

"Well, if you'd get a little lemon oil—it would take off all these smeary-looking places. It's better than anything else for mahogany."

With an effort Helen forced a murmured comment about "trying it."

Carrie's critical, instructive attitude had never seemed more intolerable, and she had never felt for her a stronger antagonism. It was a difficult evening, and Helen could hardly keep from showing the resentment that was smoldering within her.

It was a relief when Ed finally glanced at the clock and announced that it was after ten.

"It doesn't seem possible that Friday's Christmas," observed Carrie as she pinned on her hat. "But we're not giving a single present this year. What we ordinarily spend for presents we decided to give to the Belgians. Mrs. Elliot and I got off a big box on their Christmas ship."

"That was very fine of you," murmured Helen, thinking of the expensive centerpiece she had already bought for Carrie.

"Oh, isn't that something new?" Carrie paused at the dining-room door as they passed by. "I've never seen that decanter."

"Yes, I got that in London. I love that old Bohemian glass so, and you don't often see one with the old silver stopper."

"What do you use for your silver?" Carrie had taken up a berry dish from the sideboard. "Gordon's silver soap? Oh, they make a cream that's much better. You try it and your silver won't look so cloudy," holding the dish up to the light.

"Carrie, it's late," called Ed from the door.

With a forced, set smile, Helen followed them out to the elevator. Even after they rang for the car, Carrie kept it waiting while she still extolled the merits of the silver cream.

"Mighty nice to have them this evening," declared Warren as he closed the door. "Carrie looked well, didn't she? Gave you some good tips, too. You must try that stunt about water under the radiator."

Helen gulped, then all her smoldering resentment blazed out. It was the primitive, tigerish resentment that is aroused in even the mildest, gentlest woman by the criticism and interference of her husband's family.

"You think she's such a paragon of a housekeeper, don't you?" passionately. "That's what all your family think! Well, I want to tell you something I saw myself! You remember that night we were over when Ed was sick? Well, I went out to fill the hot-water bag—and I found the maid brushing her teeth in the kitchen sink! Now I may have smeary furniture and cloudy silver—but I'm at least clean about the kitchen! And I'll tell her so, too!"

"What're you trying to start, anyway?" scowled Warren. "I think it's mighty fine of Carrie to want to help you."

"Help me? She only wanted an excuse to air her own perfections. I tried to be civil to her tonight—but the next time," excitedly, "I'll let her know I can run my house without her assistance! And I'm going to tell her that my maid doesn't wash her teeth in the kitchen sink!"

"How do you know what she does when you're not out there? Jove, women are cattish," as with a yawn Warren started to wind the clock. "Where in the deuce is that key?"

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SOUTH ALBANY.

J. B. Sallee, head of the English department of the high school in Lowell, Mass., who is now visiting at O. M. Rowell's, will speak at the M. E. church Sunday afternoon on "Spiritual Personality."

BROWNINGTON CENTER

The state examinations were held at the schoolhouse Friday.

Mrs. E. A. Gallup visited at George Woodward's in Barton last week.

Roy Lafleur of Orleans spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Ivers Drown.

Mrs. Lydia Peavey of Madison, Me., is working at Horace Whitehill's.

Mr. and Mrs. Philo Powers spent Sunday at Howard Gray's in Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Allen of Island Pond spent Sunday at Stewart Lafoe's.

Delmar Whitehill visited his sister, Mrs. Merrill Lewis, in Charleston Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lafoe are at Avers Cliff this week attending the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Estelle of Crafts-bury were callers at T. G. Crandall's Sunday.

Miss Doris Duval of West Burke visited at Edgar and Philo Powers' recently.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Fleming of East Brownington were guests at Charles Burns' Sunday.

Mrs. Will Wiley of Boston visited her cousin, Mrs. Collins Lacourse, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Hunt of South Royalton visited their nephew, Charles Lathe, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Seymour and daughter spent the week-end with their daughter in Sheffield.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley Dexter of Glover visited their grandmother, Mrs. Amanda Powers, Sunday.

Mrs. Harold Whitecomb and children of Lyndon are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Crandall.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Crow of Charleston visited at Horace Whitehill's and Luther Armstrong's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kimball and daughter, Margaret, Percy Kimball and Freeman Kimball and son, Raymond of Willoughby were recent guests at E. A. Gallup's.

Just Like a Woman.

"That clock is two hours slow," said the man of the house when he came home at his usual time and found the dinner not even started.

"Impossible," said his wife. "I set it only this afternoon. I went over to Mrs. Smith's, next door, and asked her what time it was, and then as soon as she showed me her new gown and gave me a recipe for blackberry jam, I came right home and set the clock to the time she told me."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Now and Then.

"Gads tries to create the impression that time is money with him."

"I see. Does he succeed in creating that impression?"

"Only when he pawns his watch."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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